

THE GLEICHEN CALL

VOLUME XXIX NO. 45

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 20, 1937

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

BLACKFOOT M. D. COUNCILLORS IN REGULAR SESSION

The Blackfoot Municipal Council held the first meeting for 1937 with all councillors present.

Some discussion regarding the leased road allowance at Section 25-21-21 took place. The matter had been talked over at the previous meeting. Councillor Bolinger carried a motion as follows: That we consider that we have no further obligation in keeping the road across section 25-21-21 open. Councillor Nelson voted against the motion.

It was decided to have the caterpillar tractor overhauled provided satisfactory arrangements could be made with Wm. McConnell for use of a part of his garage during the cold weather. Mr. Johnson was appointed to do the work.

The triplicate and direct relief orders issued to residents in that portion of the district in the drought area for the months of December was approved.

Messages in connection with feed and fodder was read. (The secretary) advised the councillors that Mr. Murphy, a federal inspector, had called at the office in this connection the latter part of December. Mr. Murphy was making an investigation in the district.

Councillor Wheatley moved and carried the following motion: That a by-law be prepared under section seven of the Agricultural Relief Advances Act for \$25,000 for the purchase of a supply of feed and fodder for distribution. That this by-law be held pending the approval of this district or a portion of this district being included in the federal drought area.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

There are times when everything goes wrong such as happened one day last week. From 7 a.m. till 10 p.m. affairs were bad. You rise in the morning, and the room is cold with the 20 below weather; a button is off, and breakfast is cold and tough; and the stove smokes, you clean out and start down the street toward your house. All the time there are some adverse circumstances, petty losses, meanness on the part of somebody. The ink bottle upsets and runs over your correspondence. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper, and the smoke escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid someone will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of Old Time and the hour glass, and the death's eye, making it quite certain that you will die before your time unless you take out papers in his company. Besides you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and your are a walking uneasiness. The day is a joint and no surgeon can set it. The possibility is great if you would look at the rheumatism, you would find that the wind is from the north west and you might remember you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritable mood. You will pen some things in the way of criticism or fault finding that you will be sorry for afterward. Let us remember that these spiked needles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get gauze-stitch if it were all honey. The table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper and horseradish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness we should never be ready for emigration to higher job. We are leaving March and entering April prepared us for shivering. Man. Instead of trying fast to the cold mountains, we had better speed up and hasten on toward the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up.

It is a strange fact that there are always some who, no matter where they are or where they go, they always try to make it unpleasant for others. If you are on the street you must listen to their remarks, if in a

WITH THE BOYS OF THE PEE WEE HOCKEY LEAGUE

Cold weather last week caused postponement of all Pee Wee games. The first half of the schedule should have been finished Saturday, but at this writing there are still three games to play. In all of them the Americans are involved; two games with the Canadians and one with the Leafs. It is hoped to get these games cleaned up this week so that the second half of the schedule can be played. At the present time the Leafs are sitting on top with 7 points to their credit; next the Red Wings 6 points; Canadians 4 points, last the Americans with three games played have only 1 point. The Americans are just itching to get going and fee, confident they will not occupy the bottom position when the shouting dies down.

The Pee Wees always put up a dingy battle, have plenty of pep, its of speed and each team is out to win it is easy to see they are improving with every game played. All players are inclined to bunch up too much instead of staying on their own side of the ice.

Next Saturday afternoon a Pee Wee game from Arrowwood is billed to play a local team at the arena at 2 p.m. This game is for players 1 years of age and under. Two players from each team will be selected to oppose the visitors. If all possible a return game will be played at Arrowwood the following Saturday. Principle Miller of the Arrowwood school will be in charge of visiting squad.

WOMEN RECEIVE 80 PER CENT: LIFE INSURANCE BENEFITS

The women of Canada are the beneficiaries of over 80 per cent of all life insurance estates. Of over \$40,000 paid out in death claims last year for life insurance premiums ear in Canada, \$32,000,000 went to the members of Canada to tide them selves and their families over period of financial distress. It provides a means to meet pressing obligations, including the difficult readjustment period. It supplied funds for food lodging, shelter and other necessities of life. It provided money to pay rent or to meet mortgage payments and it gave thousands of families a certain measure of financial security against the future. Legislation that insures the security of life insurance investments—that arbitrarily reduces interest rates on securities and that repudiates public or private debt—is of vital interest to the women of Canada.

T. W. SNOWDEN OLD TIMER HERE DIED MONDAY

T. W. Snowden, an old timer of the town, died early Monday morning in Evergreen Home at the age of 75 years. Mr. Snowden was born in England and came to Cluny in 1881 where for some years he was section foreman on the C.P.R. In 1900 he left the C.P.R. and took up a homestead north of Cluny on Crowfoot Creek, which he called Willow Grove Farm. He lived there until November of last year at which time he and Mrs. Snowden moved into Gleichen. His health had not been very good for the past five years and shortly after moving into town entered the hospital at the Home. Mr. Snowden was a member of the Gleichen Old Timer's Association. He is survived by his widow, a daughter, a son, B. E., and two sons, one living in Prince George and the other in California. The funeral will take place Thursday afternoon at 2:30 from St. Andrew's Church.

EXPECT PROVINCE TO DRAFT ROAD SURFACING PLANS

Confident of a substantial hard surfacing program being adopted in Alberta this year can be expressed in the fact that every newspaper pays its own way into the subscriber's home and really costs him nothing. The point is that it returns him more dollars and cents than he pays for it. We cannot imagine a publication so worthless than some item of information in it, some bargain advertised or some service performed is not worth more to the subscriber in real money than the cost of his subscription. Almost every newspaper puts money into the pockets of non-subscribers. This is continuously the case when the newspaper leads or supports any movement which brings trade to the town in which it is published.

When the newspaper hammers at local improvements—the spending of a dollar or two may grow in its place tomorrow. The weekly newspaper at two dollars a year costs the subscriber four cents an issue. We defy anyone to point out where the subscriber can spend four cents and get an equal amount of pleasure and value. Four cents will not buy much of anything else, but it will buy the week's news of the community and supply other information and service that is likely to be worth many dollars to the reader. No other institution in the world expects so little and returns so much as does the weekly newspaper.

of amusement, then you must put up with the annoyance of their brilliant thoughts delivered while carrying a pretended jag. We imagine that our readers have met all this genius and with us will say they are about as great nuisances as ever clothed in flesh and endowed with the spark called life.

Great lure of western Canada is the national parks in Alberta. Given good highways, tourists will pour in and the province will benefit through increased returns from gasoline tax for instance, while private business will cash in on the greater volume of sales.

W. A. ST. ANDREW'S CELEBRATE 30TH ANNIVERSARY

January 1937 marks the 30th anniversary of W. A. activity for S. Andrew's branch. Mrs. T. H. Bea opened her home for the meeting on Thursday, January 14th. Report of the year's work were read, including an account of the Junior Branch given by Mrs. Davies, the superintendent.

The election of officers for 1937 resulted as follows:

Hon. Pres., Mrs. A. E. Jones.
Hon. Vice-Pres., Mrs. C. W. Wiley.
President, Mrs. J. E. Ostrander.
Vice-President, Mrs. A. F. MacCal-

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION TO MEET FRIDAY

There will be an important meeting of the Gleichen Musical Festival Association on Friday evening next January 22nd, at 8 o'clock in the dining room of the Community Hall. All members of the Association and anyone interested are requested to attend this meeting.

THE WORLD OF WHEAT

By H. G. L. Strange Director of "Crop Testing Plan."

Dr. William Saunders was a horticulturist; his son, Dr. Percy Saunders was a professor of agriculture. Another son, Dr. C. W. Saunders (now Sir Charles) was a scientist, an instructor in music and voice culture, and a masterly player on the flute.

Out of the genius contained in the Marquis wheat, which, during the past twenty five years, has been selected probably on a larger acreage than any other spring wheat variety known.

Dr. William conceived the need for an earlier variety than Red Fife. He imported breeding stocks from many parts of the world. Dr. Percy, in 1892, made the cross of Red Fife and Hard Red Calcutta, and Dr. Charles, in 1904, made the final selections which resulted in Marquis.

Marquis once occupied about 90 per cent of wheat acreage of Western Canada. Today it still occupies nearly 60 per cent. It is still the "King of Wheats," and should be needed in preference to any other variety wherever it gives satisfactory returns.

Following factors have tended to raise prices:

Britain contemplates building up reserve wheat stocks. U. S. farm prices of wheat are up 20 per cent. January 1st smallest in eleven years. German government demands increased grain deliveries and prohibits wheat and rye feeding to livestock. Italy, Greece, Holland and Germany have bought large quantities Argentina wheat.

Following factors have tended to lower price:

Clear weather in Argentina favors movement of small grains and promotes growth of corn. Australian weather favors crop movement. Plan under consideration to increase British grown wheat. Large Argentine shipments ensure English millers of sufficient wheat for a considerable period.

a.m. on Sunday January 24th.
REV. C. WILEY, M.A.
(Incumbent).

DID you know that during the year 1936 one million seven hundred and fourteen thousand (1,714,000) bushels of malting barley were purchased from the farmers of Alberta for brewing purposes and all this at an average premium of thirty-five point eight eight cents (35.88 cents) per bushel over the regular price for 3 C.W. Barley. Just figure out for yourself how much this means to the farmers of Alberta!

This advertisement is not inserted by the Alta. Liquor Control Board, or by the Govt of the Province of Alberta.

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ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

Morning Prayer and Sermon will be held in St. Andrew's Church at 11

JAN 20 1937

N. G. Cary who for several years published the Arrowwood Resource, moved his plant to Bassano and is now publishing the Bassano Recorder.



A PRODUCT OF THE CALGARY BREWING & MALTING CO., LTD.

THE GLEICHEN CALL, GLEICHEN, ALBERTA.

If You're Told to "Alkalize"

Try This Remarkable
"Phillips" Way
Thousands are Adopting



On every side today people are being urged to *alkalize* their stomach. And this ease symptoms of "acid indigestion" and heartburn.

To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoons of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes before meals or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets which have the same antacid effect.

Relief comes almost at once—usually in a few minutes. Nausea, heartburn, after-dinner "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.

Try this now. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Delightful to take, and easy to carry with you. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of two teaspoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MADE IN CANADA



PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Thou Shalt Not Love

A NOVEL BY —
GEORGIA CRAIG

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued

Then Lance was dragging himself from Stephanie's court of listeners to her honeymoon plans and at Starr's side again. She was not rid of his dark personality that night for an instant. The whole room danced with a collection of Lances, cut out like stiff paper dolls, all in a row. He injected into her thoughts, as though he guessed something of her longings, sensed what she might have been mulling over the injustice of things while Stephanie had talked. He drawled smugly:

"Stephanie so obvious. More like a servant ricer than the last hope of a man old name. Her and her yachts! If you want a yacht, Starr, you can have it. Mine is in the Sound now, in commission. I'd thought of making the Florida trip myself, and it's been convenient for a little ferrying this summer. . . . You can have mine, and it's twice as big as Dale's tub. I'll take you to Hawaii, too, if you want to go—anywhere! There isn't anything Stephanie has that I can't give you."

The thought was a knell in Starr's heart: Except love—except love!

Stephanie was turning back the bed covers when Starr at last got away from the nightmare of the party downstairs and fled to her room. Steph had insisted that Starr could not do without her, and the girl had yielded to the colored woman's persuasions that she should be allowed to come up to the Westchester place on the train. Steph did not want to lose such an opportunity for displaying the georgeousness of her silver bangles, her belted white, voluminous

robe and her purple head handkerchief. Nor her "foreign accent," Sapphira's display of Kayble may have sounded to the initiate more like hog-Latin, but she managed to make it do, and the effect was inspiring.

At the present moment she was more concerned with Starr as she laid out the girl's white silk night-robe—as a woman with Egyptian princess ancestry it would never have done for her to wear. James—and the tiny white matador-trimmed wings. Starr was shivering as she came into the room. Sapphira surveyed the slim silver flask that was Starr.

"Miss Starr, for tawny sakes, how sick you look, honey! Wasn't I telling you yououghta come here on this here party? You—all oughta be home in your own baird!"

In the pale lights of the boudoir, Starr had lost all of her color. Her brittle bravado had gone with it, too. She looked as frail as a white, swaying flower.

The plump, motherly old colored woman was saying anxiously:

"You ought to have home an' havin' a doctahn seen' after you, Miss Starr—you shore caught. Why'n't you all let me send for a doctor?"

Starr smiled wanly, but did not answer. Oh, no! She had seen a doctor once—not so long ago. "You won't live six months if you had this kind of trouble," he'd said.

She had not let herself think! Why face the agony of seeing another doctor, of hearing him reiterate that same terrible sentence of death?

Dear old Sapphira! She cared. But then, of course she could have no idea of the fate that hung over the girl she had come to love in the way of such hot-blooded colored women from her part of the South—the girl who, to Sapphira, was merely being an actor, like herself, in a most intriguing little drama of make-believe.

How could Sapphira know? Starr knew. In the Florida days, she had been able to say anything for her father. He had faded visibly day by day of an unnamed malady which had defied medical science. Science—which could not combat the curse of Tut-Amen-Ra. She was going the same way.

Starr could see it herself, as she faced her mirror, stripped of her artificial vivacity and when the cold cream had wiped off every vestige of the glamour that was a girl painted on glass. It was in the depths of her long, mysterious eyes—eyes too like those of Ama-Sun when she had looked on Tut-Amen-Ra in the long ago and they had found each other good.

It was in the pectoral of her skin, the way her shoulders drooped when she was off her guard. It was in her dark eyes, in her mind. Rooted deep, unshakable, the curse of Tut-Amen-Ra!

The colored serving woman was hurt when the only reply Starr made to her was:

"I shan't need you any more tonight, Sapphira."

The woman was not to go so easily off. "But I even help you all undress, Miss Starr?" she persisted. "You're so tired, tired, Starr?"

"I said I don't need you," Starr repeated tonelessly.

Sapphira started to say something; stopped. She knew these moods of Starr. She said, in a voice of resignation:

"All right, Chile. I reckon you'll have it your own way, anyhow."

"I've put out your sleepin' powders, the table over yonder by the lamp!"

Starr nodded as Sapphira reluctantly withdrew, her eyes on her mistress until the last minute of the door's soft closing.

Her sleeping powders, Starr smiled slowly, understanding. It had come to that—at last. She had had to resort to sleeping powders in an attempt to rid herself of some of the terror of the dark, lonely hours when there were no parties to distract her attention from that miserable dirge that pounded incessantly like the drums of doom through her tortured mind: "Thou Shall Not—Thou Shall Not—"

As she wheeled around, her arms flung high in a challenge to an inexorable Fate that she could not combat, she caught sight of the glass of water and the powder which Sapphira had placed ready for her and for the moment she should leave her wild part and want to seek much-needed repose. Her arms dropped. Dead. An idea, half-aborning, was coming full-fed into her being. A desperate idea was coming to life in her agonized brain.

Sapphira stepped across the room to the table and the powders, her black hair flying. One of those odds meant a night's sleep. Two or three, perhaps four, would mean peace. The peace that seemed nigh on this earth.

Dared she? In that moment Starr felt that the small matter of taking her own futile life required tremendously less courage than carrying on. Carrying on—for what . . . ? Why cling any longer to a life which held nothing but heartbreak?

The powders . . . Ambassadors from the rulers of Lethe themselves. They were ready—waiting—holding out siren arms of promise to her. They promised her all that had hitherto been denied. Peace! Here was one way, the only way that had been shown to Starr. Still, still, still, battling her pride, against the inevitable, of cheating the curse of Tut-Amen-Ra!

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER XIV.

Tired as she was, sleep was the farthest thing from Starr's thoughts. She needed sleep. Well, after all . . . For the minute thoughts would come, and with them a restlessness that made her forget the weariness of limbs.

Her bedroom opened onto the upper gallery of the high veranda of the house which had a touch of the Southern spirit in its architecture. All the bedrooms along the front of the house, apparently, lay along this gallery, facing it.

She swung her windows wide and

wandered out into the coolness of the September night, onto the darkness of the upper terrace.

Sweet stillness lingered like a benediction over the spacious, lovely grounds of Stephanie's home. The guests were all in their rooms, the lower floors darkened, the radio still. A light flickered here and there. It was an atmosphere of ineffable peace. Peace . . . The one thing in earth Starr Ellison craved. But how could there ever be peace for her when her soul was tortured.

Standing beside the verandah rail, her eyes sought the sky. The stars were very brilliant against their black velvet background, remaining except for the dip in the air that showed a more temperate climate, of the nights that had hung over Al-

giers.

Suddenly she was overwhelmed by her memories. Not memories of Egypt and the hot and burning sands, the Lethe of its nights, but thoughts nearer to her, a thousand times more poignant. Thoughts of a night or two ago—the Casino—Michael. Just before all the terrible things had happened, they had looked at just such a sky as this together—a sky that had held a world of romance. There had been the night before—another sky, the Mayfair—a terrace—she and Michael together had looked at the black velvet sky at the twinkling stars, the faint city lights. She had been seeking to end all. She could hear his voice, like some great throbbing wonder voice heard from an ineffable distance.

"To me you are just like your name. A warm, near star. A dear star!"

A long tremor passed over her body as her hands clutched at the trailing vines, crushing them. That was all finished. Everything connected with Michael was finished. She was here, a guest, under the roof of the girl Michael was going to marry. The girl he loved. The girl he had loved all the time. Hadn't he told her so from that first moment of their meeting?

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The turned from her contemplation of the black sky and slipped back through the long open windows into her room; sought her dressing table mechanically, as mechanically as another woman might pick up a broom across the room to sweep over the cobwebs.

She loosened her hair, let it black cloud sweep about her shoulders. Nervous fingers combed and brushed the long, black mist. Suddenly her arms were flung out to the unhearing night.

"I can't—can't!" she cried wildly.

From now on all she would know would be the sugared flattery of a man who had a "line" for every girl he met—a "hot line, but not hard-boiled."

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"I can't—can't!" she cried wildly. The sound of her own voice, breaking through the unceasing stillness, frightened her. "I can't! I can't go through with it!" Death that she had been contemplating for so long, with what equanimity she could, seemed terribly enough. The new step that she had been deliberately contemplating was ineffably worse.

As she wheeled around, her arms flung high in a challenge to an inexorable Fate that she could not combat, she caught sight of the glass of water and the powder which Sapphira had placed ready for her and for the moment she should leave her wild part and want to seek much-needed repose. Her arms dropped. Dead. An idea, half-aborning, was coming full-fed into her being. A desperate idea was coming to life in her agonized brain.

Sapphira stepped across the room to the table and the powders, her black hair flying. One of those odds meant a night's sleep. Two or three, perhaps four, would mean peace. The peace that seemed nigh on this earth.

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As she wheeled around, her arms flung high in a challenge to an inexorable Fate that she could not combat, she caught sight of the glass of water and the powder which Sapphira had placed ready for her and for the moment she should leave her wild part and want to seek much-needed repose. Her arms dropped. Dead. An idea, half-aborning, was coming full-fed into her being. A desperate idea was coming to life in her agonized brain.

Sapphira stepped across the room to the table and the powders, her black hair flying. One of those odds meant a night's sleep. Two or three, perhaps four, would mean peace. The peace that seemed nigh on this earth.

Dared she? In that moment Starr felt that the curse of Tut-Amen-Ra was upon her. She had been denied. She had been denied. She had been denied.

She turned from her contemplation of the black sky and slipped back through the long open windows into her room; sought her dressing table mechanically, as mechanically as another woman might pick up a broom across the room to sweep over the cobwebs.

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TOWN & DISTRICT

During the hockey game Thursday evening the blowing of the fire whistle emptied the arena in short order. It was a bitterly cold night and the alarm caused considerable excitement for a few minutes. Soon it was learned that a can of oil had taken fire in the Texaco filling station and was extinguished in short order before any damage was done. The excitement over the crowd hurried back to the arena.

The Gunners held the league by winning four straight games. Two from Standard and two from Arrowwood. The last game was played Saturday night at Arrowwood. The score being 0-13.

On Monday, January 25th, the annual Parishioners' meeting of St. Andrew's Church will meet in the Great War Veterans Hall at 7 p.m. Members and friends of the church are specially requested to be present at this meeting, when the various church organizations will present their reports and the election of officers for 1937 will take place. Rev. C. W. Wiley, M.A., Incumbent of the Church, will be present and take charge of this meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Swain and family moved to Calgary last week, where they expect to reside in future. Mr. Swain has been connected with the C.P.R. staff here for many years and his removal to Calgary means a promotion for him. Don was a great follower of sports and when he could always attended any sports that was taking place. He was a great booster for rugby and had a lot to do with getting the game started here last fall. As a rugby referee his services was in great demand. The fans and The Cal will miss his comments under the heading of "Sportslets". Here's wishing Don success in his new position.

GLEICHEN UNITED CHURCH

Rev. J. N. Wilkinson, Minister.
Mrs. M. Birch, choir leader.
Mrs. Jean Flanagan, pianist.
11 a.m. Church School.
7:30 p.m. Divine Worship. Subject: "Religious Education and Evangelization."

In any effective forward movement such as the church has accepted a foremost place must be given to religious education and religious education requires the co-operation of home, church and Sunday school and all other agencies having the same end in view.

This will be a special message for parents, Sunday school teachers and other workers as our Sunday school are reorganized again for another year's work.

For boys and girls there will be a talk about "bulles."

TOWN AUTHORITIES STUDY FACILITIES FOR AUTO CAMP

With a season of greatly increased tourist traffic about to open, the question of auto camp accommodation is perplexing municipal authorities in some parts of Alberta.

Officials of the Alberta Motor Association for some time have been drawing attention to the great need of proper camp facilities. They have shown that steps should have been taken long ago to prepare for the flood of tourists, the beginnings of which are on the cards for 1937.

Taking Edmonton as an outstanding example of a centre that has been preparing for the motor tourist rush, one finds that it is hoped to spend about \$18,000 on auto camp improvements in the next 12 or 18 months.

Camp accommodation at the capital city was taxed at intervals during the past year. During the past season this camp had a revenue of \$3,250 which after making some improvements, there was a net profit of \$500. Towns and smaller cities located on main highways should act now to build up their camps if they want to attract a flow of visitors, it is claimed.

When a good camp is available, thousands of dollars are spent by tourists in the community which the camp is designed to serve.

The dollars spent in improving and modernizing the auto camp will be returned to the community three-fold, possibly more. When tourists plan their summer tours, let them feel that their camping needs will be supplied in comfort and with modern facilities in Alberta.

Bring or send the news to this office. We are always glad to have our subscribers send in or bring us news. If each one of list of readers would send in to us each week what a grand local paper we would have. Send in anything but politics and we shall be thankful.

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